THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

MYSTERIOUS RECLUSE.

(Continued.)

"OF that part of his history which here commences, he had no occasion to give me a full account, so much the more important was the other half relating to the continuance of his love for Frederica. Whatever his ideas might have been on his first acquaintance with me, the thought of an indissoluble union terrified his conscience, and revived his former attachment. The forced relish for the dissipations by which my brother had learned to know him, wore off when, as he expressed himself, he grew good with me. For the same reason he again kept a stricter watch over his heart. He even thought it his duty to inform Frederica of his new attachment. At a time when nobody apprehended any such thing, a secret correspondence again commenced between them: and on this account it was, that his humour was governed so exactly by the departure and arrival of the post.

"He had long been undetermined whether he should suffer me to take part in the conflict in which he was engaged with himself. He was afraid, and with good reason, that I should side with his first attachment against myself. He tried another expedient. He procured a third person to inform Frederica that he was as good as betrothed to me, and even acquainted his father with part of his wishes in regard to me. His father, though a zealous protestant, most joyfully consented to his union with me. Both these circumstances surprized my friend. He had expected that Frederica would load him with reproaches, and that his father would throw difficulties in his way. Soon afterwards he received intelligence that an offer made to Frederica, had not been positively rejected. All this confirmed him in the resolution to continue to keep his secret from me, and to try, by means of a longer stay with us, whether it would be possible to be made happy by the fulfilment of his first wish, now that he was no longer able, as he supposed, to suppress the second.

"The closer my friend's intimacy grew with me, the more firmly he was convinced, he said, that he could not possibly live without me. What gave him the greatest uneasiness, was that he heard no farther tidings of the offer which had not been rejected by Frederica. From this circumstance he concluded, but falsely, as you shall presently hear, that she waited only for him, in order to take the second step. His heart nevertheless reproached him as often as he felt disposed to take the first. This was too complicated a business to be arranged by letters. He determined to see, and hear, and, if possible, to speak once more to Frederica. He supposed that in three months at latest, every thing would have been settled.

"I have told you how I drew the long-concealed secret from his agitated soul, at the moment when he announced to me his intended departure. He had not calculated upon this accident, and again became uneasy and confused. He knew me. The fear of losing me rendered him blind to the consequences of an inconsiderate step, and that but ill accorded with the delicacy which I had discovered in him, and without which, I could not possibly have loved him. He resolved to pledge his honour, in order to bind his heart; he therefore hastened before he had time to cool, to my guardian, and solicited my hand.

"Scarcely had he returned home, and obtained an interview with Frederica, when the whole weight of his injustice and precipitancy fell with aggravated force upon him. Frederica received him with tranquil resignation. The proposal which had made her appear unfaithful to him, had never been serious. She had purposely concerted it, to see how the intelligence would operate on my friend. To find that he was unable to repress his joy on the occasion, was the severest stroke she had yet experienced. She was drowned in tears when nobody saw her. She pined so visibly, that my friend was frightened when he beheld her again. She calmly relinquished all her claims, congratulated him on his new prospects, and his reconciliation with his father, and when he was going to seize her hand, hastily withdrew into another room, where, as he heard, she fainted away.

"Ah! my poor friend; who suffered most, you or she against whom you had transgressed?—He told me that for a considerable time, he was not master of his senses. Languishing between happiness and misery, he stood upon burning ground, unable to turn either to the right or to the left. Had she, whom he was about to desert, but made him a single reproach! But no; not even the satisfaction of a meditated justification was afforded him. Half resolved to relieve himself with a

pistol from his insupportable sensations, he hurried home. Before he reached his room, he was met by his father, with whose knowledge he had paid this visit to Frederica. The old man beckoned and called to him, but my friend paying no attention, rushed past him up the stairs. His father followed him, and an explanation ensued. For the first time my friend beheld his father in tears. He felt somewhat relieved, and thinking this an opportunity of which he ought to avail himself, he renounced all farther connexion with me, and begged permission to make Frederica happy. Notwithstanding his tears, the father proved inexorable, and informed the son, with the sternness of an executioner, that all the necessary preparations were now made for removing Frederica from his sight forever. My friend sprang up like a maniac, vowing instantly to annihilate all these preparations. The father placed himself at the door, to oppose his exit. A scene revolting to the noblest feelings of humanity, would perhaps have ensued between the father and the son, but for the opening of the door at the moment, and the entrance of two persons whom my friend did not expect. These were his mother, an excellent woman, but who, on other occasions had no voice in family affairs, and the mother of Frederica.

"The former threw herself into the arms of her son, and the latter delivered to him a letter. My friend opened it, read, and read it again, and was scarcely able to support himself. It contained a formal renunciation of him by Frederica, accompanied with a vow, never to see him more, and the assurance that were he even to return to her, he could not make her happy. She begged him by obedience to his father, and fidelity to his new mistress, to afford her the consolation of having contributed something towards his felicity, and that of his family.

"It is possible that it was not this renunciation which again directed my friend's thoughts to me. But, at the moment when it produced its first effect, it abated the flames of passion, which threatened to destroy the recollection of me in the mind of my friend. Deeply affected, he observed a profound silence, which was interrupted by his father. He held up Frederica's conduct to him as an example, and contrasted her fortitude with his weakness. "Hitherto," said he, "in your opposition I have recognized my son. I have excused your disobedience, because I could not disclose the reasons why I must not, and as I am a man of honour, and your father, never will consent to a connexion between you and Frederica. You ought to have believed that these reasons must be very weighty, because they fix my determination so irrevocably. But I know how difficult it is to take reasons upon

credit; this made me pity, but not despise you. From ignorance, you persisted in your way, as I did, from a more intimate acquaintance with circumstances, in mine. You were true to one female; but now you are promised to two brides. You can no longer tell me that your passion is invincible. Now the wishes of your father coincide with those which you have yourself acknowledged. If I am again to find in you my son, and not the pussillanimous wretch who changes his mind every day, fulfil your promise at least on the one hand. Make amends for your disgraceful injustice in the only way you can. Or will you, of your own accord, desert the second; in the same manner as you were obliged, against your will, to forsake the first?—But is not that a ring which I see on your finger?'

"It was a ring of my hair, made in memory of a very remarkable hour. When my friend, struck by his father's question, cast his eyes upon the ring, another power glowed, as he expressed it, within his soul. He earnestly begged to be left by himself. His request was complied with. He locked his door, firmly resolved not to leave the room till he had come to a final determination, and to carry this without farther consideration into effect, let the consequences be what they might."

(To be continued.)

THE LADIES' TOILETTE;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

(In continuation.)

"IF, then, you would know what is the character of the beauty of the female, you need only reflect on her destination. Nature formed her for a wife and a mother, for repose and pleasure, to soften the manners of man, to interest and to soothe him. Every thing in her must, therefore, announce the gentleness of an amiable empire.

"Two powerful attractions of love, are desire and modesty; the character of beauty will, therefore, be sensible and modest.

"Man is desirous of attaching a value to his victory, he wishes to find in his partner a lover and not a slave, and the more nobleness he discovers in her who obeys him, the more gratification he will derive from the glory of commanding: the beauty of the female should, therefore, be blended with modesty and dignity.

"But an interesting weakness attaches man, by exciting the idea that she stands in need of his support: the beauty of the female should therefore be timid, and, to render it more touching, the sentiment of it should exist in the soul; it must be depicted in her looks breathe upon her lips, and impart

softness to all her features. Man, who wishes to owe every thing to inclination, will receive delight from her preferences; and in yielding weakness, will behold nothing but consenting love. But the suspicion of artifice would destroy the whole; the air of candour, of ingenuousness, of innocence, those simple and engaging graces, which manifest only by concealing themselves, those secrets of inclination repressed and betrayed, the tenderness of a smile, by the lightning that flashes from a tender look, a thousand fugitive shades in the expression of the eyes and of the features, are the eloquence of beauty: whenever it is cold, it is silent.

"This great ascendancy of the woman over the man, proceeds from the secret correspondence which, he maintains, with him and in him, unknown to himself; that delicate discernment, that acute penetration ought likewise to be depicted in the features of a beautiful woman, and especially in that piercing look which penetrates to the very recesses of the heart to discover a suspicion of coldness or of dejection, to restore joy, and rekindle love.

"Finally, to captivate the heart which she has touched, to preserve it from inconstancy, she must secure it against langour, and continually give to habit the attractions of novelty; and though ever the same in the eyes of her lover, she must always appear new to him. This is the prodigy performed by that airy vivacity which imparts to beauty so much life and brilliancy. Obedient to all the movements of the imagination, of the mind and of the soul, beauty ought, like a mirror, to reflect every thing, but with additional embellishment."

Adopting the axiom, which I think I have demonstrated, that beauty is the expression of the physical and moral perfections of objects, we shall easily be able to explain the reason why beauty is not the same among the different nations.

The constitution of men varies according to the constitution of the countries which they inhabit; cold, heat, humid climates, and parched countries, elevated situations and marshy vallies, all operate more or less on our organs and modify them. The results of this modification must necessarily be apparent in their exterior characters; it is easy to conceive that the exterior characters of a Polish female, possessing all the perfections of her sex, must differ from the same characters, in a native of Italy. Is not this the same thing as to say, in other words, that the beauty of the first must differ from the beauty of the second? The necessary result of the same principle is, that each nation could form an opinion of beauty only after such models as its own country

afforded; for it is there in particular, that every individual finds the object which he likes best, the object which nature has created for him. This is precisely what we discover every where; and whenever we know the form and colour which predominate in the individuals of any nation, we are acquainted with the taste of that nation; it is on this account that we paint the devil black because we are white, and that the negroes represent him white, because they are black.

Voltaire, who possessed a distinguished talent for turning every thing into ridicule, in treating of beauty, says, "Ask a toad what is beauty, the perfection of beauty, the *to kalon?* He will answer that it is his mate with her two large round eyes, projecting from her diminutive head, a broad flat tail, a yellow belly, and a brown back. Put the same question to the devil: he will tell you that beauty consists in a pair of horns, four claws, and a tail. Consult the philosopners, and they will give you a pretty sample of nonsense in reply."

I know not if Voltaire had profoundly investigated this question, but this I can affirm, that the answer of the toad is the most rational portion of the article in which I found this passage. Hence we may conclude that beauty, as we have already proved, is not positive, but merely relative, as is so admirably expressed by La Fontaine, in the fable of the companions of Ulysses transformed into animals by Circe.—Ulysses runs to him who had been changed into a bear, and says:—

"Ah mon frere,
Comme te voila fait! Je t'ai vusi joli!
Ah! vraiment, nous y voici,
Reprit l'ours a sa maniere.
Comme te voila fait! comme doit etre un ours,
Qui t'a dit que ta forme est plus belle qu'une autre?
Est-ce a la tienne a juger de la notre?
Je m'en rapporte aux yeux d'une ourse mes amours."

It is farther, by acknowledging that beauty is the expression of the perfections adapted to an object, that we are able to account for the diffrence of the sentiments of individuals relative to beauty. Must there not be, in fact, as many kinds of beauty as there are different qualities which men look for in women? For example, a man of a simple and timid character, of a delicate and tender soul, will prefer that fair-haired beauty, with blue eyes, and lily complexion, wtth her elegant and stately figure—that young divinity who has about her scarcely any thing material, and who, to employ the happy expression of a woman of talents, "has the air of a thought." The lively and gay man will think that beauty consists in sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and roundness of form. The ardent man will prefer that brunette whose large black eye seems to flash with fire:

her skin has not the lustre of snow —a dazzling lustre, but frequently delusive, like every thing that dazzles; how often are whiteness and coldness to be found together!

We have a thousand opportunities of remarking, and it is an observation which I have frequently made, that if two men differ essentially in their taste with respect to the characters of beauty, they will differ as essentially in their moral tastes. But, it may be objected, a beautiful woman appears beautiful in every eye.—Though I might at once deny the generality of the proposition, yet, admitting it to be true, what will result from it? That we have acquired from infancy all the ideas received in the country in which we live; that these ideas have been developed as we advanced in years, and have been improved by habit, by the examination of beautiful models, and perhaps by the practice or the study of the arts. We consequently speak from our prejudices, from authority, and not from our natural and individual taste. Everybody, say you, think Olympia a perfect beauty. I admit it; but how many of the number are there whose opinion might be reduced to this—"Yes, I am convinced that Olympia nearly resembles those beautiful statues that have been brought from Italy; she must therefore be beautiful; but nevertheless,, she does not please me—she is a beauty that I cannot love."

[*To be continued.*]

MUSIC.

In continuation.

IT must be observed, that in forming a voice, according to the given explanations, there are two particular sorts of singing to be practised, viz. the *sostenuto*, and the *portamento*.

The term *sostenuto* denotes a sustaining of the voice, or the letting it give every note its true length, as well as all its other characteristics But in a similar manner, as it is not enough to give every note its true quality of sound, its proper degree of loudness or softness, and so forth, without sustaining it properly; so it is not sufficient to hold or sustain a note in that inanimate manner, in which it can be produced on a musical instrument. And a singer must endeavour to let his notes become more like effusions of a living and feeling soul, than like mere mechanical performances of a voice. This he must invariably attend to, from the very first attempt he makes in singing to the last; though without suffering himself to fall into any of those affectations which so often are substituted for true feeling, or sentimental expression.

By the term *portamento*, is understood a certain carrying of the voice. And this is one of the principal means by which a good flexibility can be obtained in figurative

passages. But the term in question is often misunderstood, and this sometimes so grossly, as might appear almost incredible. For who should imagine, that even a certain writer on singing, explains the *portamento di voce*, as being an anticipating slide to a succeeding higher note, by which he thinks the voice is carried to that higher note, (though it is only dragged to it) and which he considers as a great beauty in singing, that cannot be introduced too often (tho' in his examples he misapplies it in the grossest manner.) It will therefore be useful to observe, that a true *portamento*, or carrying of the voice, consists in that sort of singing, by which the voice is kept in a sort of lighter flow, that prevents its reclining so heavily on one note, as to be unable to pass with facility to another. And tho' we find it as difficult to explain it fully in words, as it is to describe the *voce di petto*, it may be compared to that sort of walking, in which the weight of a person is carried in an air balloon, so that he can run along on the surface of the water, or on the tips of the ears of a corn-field. Yet this light carrying of the voice, must not be confounded with that superficial slightness, which is the *voce di testa*, described before. For it ought not to make the least diminution in that sort of voice called the full voice, as also described.

According to the above principles, any person who has a true musical ear, though apparently not one musical note in his voice, may learn to sing decently, and sometimes even well, though with more exertion than others: a tolerable natural voice can be greatly improved, in fullness as well as sweetness: and a person with good natural singing organs, if he has genius, cannot fail becoming a great singer. This is proved by daily experience; but we shall give an example of each sort, viz. An instance of the worst natural voice, has been a niece of the celebrated Chevalier Gluck, whom Millico made a fine singer, when Gluck himself thought she had not the least appearance of a musical voice. Of the second class, was the late worthy Mr. Small, whom the same Millico raised to the capacity of one of the greatest and most expressive singers known, though he had but a very indifferent natural voice; and who knew the art of forming a voice according to the principles of his master, as he has shewn in all his pupils. And of the third, or last class, is the great Mrs. Billington, whose natural gift of voice can hardly be exceeded, and who, by a judicious study of its use, has acquired that vocal excellence, which cannot but astonish and enrapture every attentive ear.

To preserve the voice when well formed, requires, besides a proper attention to health in general, and to the abstinence from excesses, and from such aliments

which directly injure the voice, a particular care to avoid overstraining it, or using it immoderately. But singing, and even singing much, cannot hurt a true singer, if he takes care not to sing too much, and not force notes beyond those he has quite in his power. It is therefore a mistake, to think that delicate ladies can injure their health by singing an hour. For true singing is to their lungs the same salutary exercise, which walking and dancing is to their whole body; and only singing by a wrong method can be prejudicial to their health.

Concerning the pieces or exercises by which a person learns to sing, it has been long an object of investigation, whether they require to be sung with the syllables *ut (do) re mi fa sol la si*, as by the French and Italians; or in what other manner the notes, when written without words, may be pronounced.

The use of the said syllables in singing, is called *sol faing*. And this has been done in two different ways, viz. First and originally, so that the notes change the syllable, according to the modulation, or according to the position of the semi-tones between the whole tones; and secondly, without regard to that change, or so that every note retains its respective syllable, in a manner as it retains its respective letter of those used in English notation.

But the former sort of *sol faing* is too perplexing in modern compositions, as well as it is unnecessary; and the latter sort is nothing more than calling every note by its French or Italian name, which might be done by those who choose it, if the syllables in question did not contain more of the worst vowels for singing, (being *e, i, u,*) than of the best (being *a,*) and render the greatest object, the forming of the voice, more difficult than it need to be. Some of the greatest masters therefore, have proposed other syllables, which are a little better calculated for the required purpose, than the described ancient ones. But others have found by long practice and experience, that the best method of forming a voice, is to sing at first nothing but the vowel *a*, (pronounced as in law, or awe, and not as an ah) till the singer acquires some steadiness of intonation, and some facility in the *portamento* described as before. And afterwards the former exercises may also be practised with the other vowels, in case a person does not pronounce them in their strictest purity; or else this is not required, and pieces with words may be practised. Yet lessons that are particularly calculated for the forming or cultivating the voice, should be daily practised among the pieces with words.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

Dr. Young was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along-side the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute. "For the same reason," said he, "that I took it out—to please myself." The son of mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and, making up to him, said, with great coolness: "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of *my* company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions, the officer assented. The duellists met; but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol. "What!" said the officer, "do you intend to assassinate me?" —"No," replied the doctor, "but you shall instantly put up your sword, and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours: we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require, I am ready to give it." The officer acknowledged his error, and the affair terminated in a lasting friendship.

DR. WHITMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE GREEK WOMEN.

The Greek women leave the face, which is beautiful, and of an oval form, uncovered. Their eyes are black, as are also their eyebrows, to which, as well as to their eye-lids, they pay a particu-

lar attention, rubbing them over to bestow on them a deeper hue, with a leaden ore, reduced to an impalpable powder, blended with an unctuous matter, to give it consistence. Their complexion is generally pale. They wear their hair, which is of a great length, and of a deep shining black, in tresses, and sometimes turned back, in a fanciful way, on the head. In other instances, it hangs loosely down the back, extending to the hips. They are commonly dressed in a pelice of silk, satin, or some other material; they are costly in their attire, in the choice of which they are not attached to any particular colour. On the head they wear a small cap.

The Greek women marry at about the age of fifteen: they are short-lived. At twenty-five they wrinkle and decay, bearing the appearance altogether of old women. They have fine children, who, however, partake of the palid complexion of the mothers. It is unquestionably to the too frequent use of the warm bath, to which the Greek women are so much habituated, that their very relaxed and debilitated state is to be ascribed; and this abuse, added to their natural indolence and inaction, as certainly tends to shorten their lives.

Captain Christie, an Irish officer who served with considerable credit in America, had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the battles there. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier, who was near him, and was also severely wounded, made a terrible howling, at which Christie exclaimed, "D—n your eyes, what do you make such a noise for, do you think nobody is *killed* but yourself."

An old officer of distinction, and of tried valour, refused to accept a challenge sent him by a young adventurer; but returned the following answer: "I fear not your sword, but the anger of my God. I dare venture my life in a good cause, but cannot hazard my soul in a bad one. I will charge up to the cannon's mouth, for the good of my conntry; but I want courage to storm hell."

EPITAPH ON A FAMOUS DENTIST.

Beneath this sod enrap'd in nature's sheath,
Lies Doctor Hawes, far fam'd for *drawing* teeth;
To rob the grave he thought it was no sin,
But now, in turn, the grave has *drawn* him in.

A. M.

A gentleman travelling in foreign parts, happened to be benighted, far from any place of accommodation: to avoid the dreari-

ness of the night, in a strange place, he thought it most advisable to seek for some shelter, and having discovered a cave, he dismounted his horse, which he fastened by the bridle on the outside of the cave and then went in and laid down in his clothes, and being much fatigued, fell asleep, nor did he awake till the day-light appeared; when lo! to his great astonishment, he found himself suspended by his heels from the roof of the cave. He made many efforts to free himself from so disagreeable a situation, when at length he shuffled his legs out of his boots, and came to the ground, almost stunned by the fall; when looking up, he perceived the cause of this disaster was owing to the cave being formed out of a rock of loadstone, and he unfortunately having steel spurs on, was attracted up in the manner described. Some say the boots are hanging there yet.

CONGRESS OF FASHION.—LOWER HOUSE.

[Friday, December 2.

Mr. *Roughchin*, from the committee to whom was referred the petition of Mr. *Smoothface*, stating that he could not *naturally* comply with the law, requiring long beards, and praying for leave to wear a wig under his chin, made report favourable to the prayer of the petitioner, in which the house concurred.

An engrossed bill to suspend till the first of March, the operation of an act, entitled "An act for abolishing the present form of dress among ladies of Fashion, and reducing it as near, as modern manners will permit, to the primitive custom of our first mother Eve," was read a third time, and passed.

Ordered, that Mr. *Gobetween* carry said bill to the House of Ladies, and request their concurrence.

An engrossed bill, to authorise the wearing of cues one inch long, was read a third time, and passed.

The order of the day was called on the bill, prescribing an uniformity of dress, as it respects the *higher* and *lower* classes of females.

Mr. *Level* advocated the bill, on the ground of its congeniality to republican principles.

Mr. *Doglady* held up one foot, and said—the house might be convinced, by his stockings, of the evils of this practice—he had trodden into a gutter, as he was following an elegant lady, back of her house, into the kitchen.

Mr. *Sneer* thought the lady might have been polite enough to put Mr. Doglady into her wash tub.

Mr. *Satiric* was very sorry, if the *parlour lady* could not be dis-

tinguished from the *kitchen lady*, except by the difference of her dress. The bill passed almost without a division.

Mr. *Shad* presented a petition of sundry Fishermen, praying for a law to prevent the wearing of fishing nets round the neck. Referred to a committee of commerce and manufactures.

Mr. *Cable* presented a *counter* petition of sundry rope-makers. Referred to the same committee.

A message was received from the House of Ladies, requesting the concurrence of the Lower House in a bill authorising the use of a new instrument, similar in operation to the boot-jack, in drawing off petticoats. Whereupon the said bill was immediately referred to the whole house—Mr. *Flannel* in the chair.

Mr. *Pullgown* stated that he was obliged to spend the greater part of every long winter evening in helping his lady to draw off her gown, &c.—that he was often obliged to send to his neighbour, Mr. *Cobler*, for a pair of pinchers, with which to get hold of the same—with divers other vexations of a like nature. Wherefore, he moved the concurrence of the committee. The committee concurred and rose—the house passed the bill, and adjourned.

A very devout fellow, not being able to please his nice piety in his prayers, used only to repeat the alphabet, and then to add, "Oh thou, Most High, put these letters into syllables, and these syllables into words, and these words into sentences, that may be most for my real good."

THE NEGRO WOMAN'S COMPLAINT
For the loss of her Husband.

Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear
Do him be gone forever,
Yet him no dead, him still live here,
And him from here go never.
Like on de Sand me mark him face,
De wave come roll him over,
De mark him go, but still de place
'Tis easy to discover.

I see fore now de tree, de flow'r,
Him droop like Orra surely,
But den by'm by dere come a shower,
Him hold his head up purely.
And so sometime me tink me die,
My heart so sick he grieve me,
But in a little time me cry
Good deal, and dat relieve me.

ANECDOTE OF LORD THURLOW.

To young Thurlow the Dean of his College once said,
(Sure his Lordship that day was dispos'd for a wrangle)
"Thro' my Casement I never can once put my head,
But I see you a loit'ring about the Quadrangle,"
"And I, sir," the youth was not slow in replying,
He to brazen it out, with an impudent face meant,

"About the Quadrangle can't stroll without spying
You thrusting your head, Mr. Dean, thro' the casement."

It is asserted that the greatest characters the world has known, have risen from an obscure origin. The following list in proof of this assertion, might be greatly enlarged, and particularly by those who have been, or now are, eminent in the United States.

Demosthenes, was the son of a forgeman.
Virgil, of a baker.
Horace, of a freed-man.
Theophrastus, of an old clothesman.
Rousseau, the poet, of a shoemaker.
J. J. Rousseau was a watchmaker.
Moliere was the son of a tapestryman.
Rollin, the historian, of a cutler.
Massillon, of a tanner.
James Cook, of a very indigent peasant.
Shakspeare, of very poor parents.
Benj. Franklin, the son of a tallow chandler, and himself a printer.
Rittenhouse, a goldsmith.
Saint Paul was a tent maker, and the *Saviour of Mankind* was the reputed son of Joseph, the carpenter.

And almost all who have increased the sum of human knowledge, experienced in youth, that contempt which attends poverty.

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A leak in your waistcoat pocket, in which you carry all your money—not detected till, on looking into your expences, you find that you have spilt more than you have spent.

A beaver hat, of so limber and flimsy a texture, as to lose all shape (or rather take fifty shapes) every time you doff it to a passing acquaintance.

ANTI-GENOSTIAN is inadmissible. We refer him to the Medical *Repository.*

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the rev. Mr. Jones, captain John Fowler, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Hannah Earle, of this city.

At Brooklyn, on Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Ostrander, Mr. Benjamin Cook, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Brooklyn.

At Albany, Mr. Obadiah R. Van Benthuysen, to Miss Sarah Wood.

DIED,

On Saturday morning last, in the 65th year of his age, James Sullivan, Esq. Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 22 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To thee Apollo! let me raise my song,
Ye tunefull nine, ye muses all, who love
To wanton in the train of Melody;
To thee! when tun'd my lyre, ascends my praise.

Oft have I heard, with joy which mocks delight,
The strains of Handel, sure by Heav'n inspir'd—
And sweeter still, the enrapt'ring warble
Of the dulcet song,—by some enchantress—
And then the tale of love, in wove with art,
To rouse the nicer feelings, and to charm
The heart, and senses—But to raise the thoughts
To some bright acume of perfection, mine
On ELIZA rests. And Hope ensures
Her love, with all the conciousness of Truth;
'Till some obtrusive sound, dissolves the charm;
Then Reason comes, with cold, and stern command,
Hope disappears, and leaves Despair her throne.

Not only then, ELIZA, does thy form,
With membrance of thy virtues, worth, and charms,
To Fancy's view appear. I've seen thee too—
With heart elated, strike the ebon keys,
Which dance responsive, to thy eager call;
I've heard with extacy, the strains divine,
And sighing hop'd the strings would never cease
Vibrating, until those sounds seraphic,
Had reach'd the throne of Heav'n!—

CHEVIOTT.

SONNET.

I saw the Peasants hand, unkind,
From yonder Oak the twin buds sever,
They seem'd in very being join'd,
Yet now the Oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd Ivy shines
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus —— did our hearts intwine
Till fate disturb'd their tender ties,
And indifference blooms in thine
While mine deserted, droops and dies!

(Anacreon Moore.

Oh gently raise it, drooping from the plain,
Cling to its Native Oak; and bid it bloom again!

J. F.

SONG.

Tell me not her cheek is bright
As the dawning blush of light,
That her honied lip bestows
Richer sweets than Hybla knows,

And her ever-sparkling eyes—
Shame the jewels of the skies—
These may gain her love from thee,
These are not enough for me.

Does her cheek with feeling glow?
Does her lip with kindness flow?
Do her varying eyes express
All the bosom's tenderness?
While, by FANCY'S power refined,
BEAMS THE GENIUS-GIFTED MIND?
Then, though void of charms to thee,
She has every charm for me.

MANTO.

THE SONG OF THE SWISS,

In a strange Land.

By the author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland."

O when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O when shall I dance on the daisy white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed!

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet;
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O when shall I visit the land of my birth?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

THE HUNTER'S DREAM.

Adapted to an Italian air.

Over mountain and moorland
I follow the hare
By brooklet's green border,
Then sweetly sleep there.

There wild music warbles
The wood tops above,
I dream of Elmira,
The maid whom I love.

Reclin'd on a white cloud
The rainbow her robe,
This beautiful vision
Descends to the globe:

I leap from my grass-bed,
Love-raptures to share,
But she melts in the sun beam
And mingles with air.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

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